THE DIALOGUE EXPERIMENT -ALIVE WRITING (decent)

Yoshi leaned against the brick wall, scrolling through her phone. The evening air was thick and warm. Across the street, Maya was walking towards her, a bright yellow bag swinging from her shoulder. her home girl and close friend from around the way.

“Hey, Maya,” Yoshi called out, not looking up immediately.

Maya reached her, dropping her bag with a soft thud. “Hey, Yoshi. You won’t believe the drama at the bus stop today.”

Yoshi finally looked up, her eyes wide with mock seriousness. “Spill it. Was it

the usual homeless guy arguing with the pigeons?”

Maya laughed, a quick, breathy sound. “Worse. It was about a free sample of suspiciously purple soda. But forget that. You look jumpy. Everything okay?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Yoshi said, glancing down the long, quiet street. The streetlights hummed, casting long, shaky shadows. “Just a little weird vibe tonight. This neighborhood gets creepy after dark.”

Maya followed her gaze. “It’s just quiet. That’s all.”

As they stood there talking, a low, strange noise started to drift toward them. It

sounded like an engine sputtering, but uneven, almost wet.

“What is that sound?” Maya whispered, her tone shifting from playful to cautious.

Yoshi squinted down the road. A figure was approaching rapidly on a scooter. It was hard to make out details at first, but the way the rider moved was jerky, unnatural.

“Is that guy okay?” Yoshi murmured. “He’s weaving all over the place.”

Then, as the figure got closer, the horror of the sight hit them both like a physical blow. The rider was pale, almost grey, wearing

ragged clothes. But it was the eyes that froze Yoshi’s blood. They were glowing a sickly, bright yellow, like hot embers in the gloom.

“Oh my God, Maya,” Yoshi breathed, clutching her friend’s arm.

The glowing-eyed man wasn't just riding; he was focused entirely on an older woman walking slowly a few yards ahead of him, struggling with two heavy grocery bags.

“Look at his face,” Maya stammered, stepping back toward the wall. “He looks… dead.”

The man on the scooter revved the engine one last time, a guttural, unnatural

roar, and then he accelerated straight toward the woman. There was no attempt to swerve or slow down. It was pure, focused aggression.

“He’s going to hit her!” Yoshi yelled, her voice cracking.

The attack was swift and brutal. The scooter slammed into the woman’s side. She cried out, dropping her bags, groceries scattering across the pavement in a horrifying mess of broken jars and spilled fruit. The man didn't stop. He brought the scooter to a jarring halt right next to her crumpled form, his glowing eyes fixed on her. He made a strange, clicking sound

with his mouth.

“That’s not road rage,” Maya gasped, tears welling up. “That’s… that’s one of those Nightbuddies.”

Yoshi’s mind raced, snapping into survival mode. She remembered the hushed, terrified whispers online about the ‘Nightbuddy Zombies’—the ones that weren't slow and shuffling, but fast, fueled by strange energy, and driven by senseless, sudden violence. Voodoo Zombie, they called them sometimes. They just appeared, full of rage, attacking anyone in their path.

“We have to go, right now,” Yoshi insisted, pulling Maya

away from the wall. “Don’t look at him.”

Yoshi fumbled for her phone, her hands shaking so badly she almost dropped it. She managed to unlock the screen and dial the emergency taxi number she always kept saved.

The man on the scooter started to lean off his seat, his movements slow but deliberate, like a predator deciding on the next move. His glowing gaze flickered momentarily toward Yoshi and Maya.

“Hello? I need a cab. Corner of Elm and Fourth. Fast, please!” Yoshi kept her voice low but urgent into the receiver.

“Yoshi, he saw us!” Maya hissed, pressing herself flat against the brickwork.

“I know, I know. Just stay quiet.”

The zombie-like figure started to push off the ground, seemingly abandoning the fallen woman to pursue the new targets. The squeal of the scooter tires was high-pitched and frantic as he turned.

“Hurry up! He’s coming this way!” Yoshi screamed into the phone.

“Ma’am, my driver is three blocks out,” the dispatcher’s calm voice replied, infuriatingly slow.

The glowing man on the scooter was closing the distance fast. His face was contorted in a silent snarl, revealing too many teeth.

“He’s almost here, Maya! Get ready to run!” Yoshi shouted, shoving her phone into her pocket.

Just as the scooter rounded the final corner separating them, a set of headlights flooded the street. A familiar, slightly beat-up taxi skidded to a halt directly in front of Yoshi and Maya, its door flying open.

“Get in! Now!” the cab driver yelled, his face panicked. He had clearly seen the glowing figure approaching.

Yoshi didn’t hesitate. She shoved Maya into the back seat and dove in after her, slamming the door shut just as the Nightbuddy reached the curb. The man slammed his fist against the taxi door with shocking force, the metal groaning under the impact.

“Drive! Go! Go!” Yoshi shrieked at the driver.

The taxi screeched away from the curb, tires burning rubber. Yoshi risked a look back through the rear window. The glowing-eyed man stood frozen for a second where the cab had been, his head tilted at an impossible angle, the scooter lying abandoned at his feet. Then, he slowly turned, his yellow gaze

sweeping the empty street, searching.

“Did we lose him?” Maya whispered, hugging her knees to her chest.

Yoshi watched until the street was clear, the only light coming from the passing streetlamps. “I think so. But that was too close, Maya. Too close.”

The cab driver, a man named Mr. Henderson whom Yoshi recognized from the neighborhood watch emails, kept his eyes glued to the rearview mirror. “That was one of the worst I’ve seen this month, girls. They are getting bolder.”

“You knew what it was?”

Yoshi asked, her voice trembling with delayed adrenaline.

Mr. Henderson sighed, slowing the cab as they turned onto a main, well-lit avenue. “We all know what they are, honey. Just stay inside after sunset. These Nightbuddies don’t play fair.”

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Yoshi finally looked up, her eyes wide with mock seriousness. “Spill it. Was it the usual homeless guy arguing with the pigeons, honey mi so tired of crack heads?”

Maya laughed, a quick, breathy sound. “Worse. It was about a free sample of suspiciously purple soda. But forget that. You look jumpy. Everything okay?”

“Yeah, I guess,” Yoshi said, glancing down the long, quiet street. The streetlights hummed, casting long, shaky shadows. “Just a little weird vibe tonight. This neighborhood gets creepy after dark.”

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As they stood there talking, a low, strange noise started to drift toward them. It sounded like an engine sputtering, but uneven, almost wet. rolling in they could hear someone coming .

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“Is that guy okay?” Yoshi murmured. “He’s weaving all over the place, oh lord not this again .”

Then, as the figure got closer, the horror of the sight hit them both like a physical blow. The rider was pale, almost grey, wearing ragged clothes. But it was the eyes that froze Yoshi’s blood. They were glowing a sickly, bright yellow, like hot embers in the gloom. It was one of those things, they were hard to catch or prove.’

“Oh my God, Maya,” Yoshi breathed, clutching her friend’s arm. ‘it’s one of those things they were talking about on the news, one of those voodoo trance people.”

The glowing-eyed man wasn't just riding; he was focused entirely on an older woman walking slowly a few yards ahead of him, struggling with two heavy grocery bags. he looked evil and menacing and unaware all at the same time.

“Look at his face,” Maya stammered, stepping back toward the wall. “He looks… dead, girl im calling Carlos, she said pulling the phone out with extra speed .”

The man on the scooter revved the engine one last time, a guttural, unnatural roar, and then he accelerated straight toward the woman. There was no attempt to swerve or slow down. It was pure, focused aggression voodoo road rage aggression .

“He’s going to hit her!” Yoshi yelled, her voice cracking. “stop him, hey somebody stop him”

The attack was swift and brutal. The scooter swooshed pass and grabbed the bags from woman’s side. She cried out, dropping her bags, groceries scattering across the pavement in a horrifying mess of broken jars and spilled fruit. The man didn't stop. He brought the scooter to a jarring halt right next to her crumpled form, his glowing eyes fixed on her. He made a strange, clicking sound with his mouth sobbing from the mouth he was almost like a rabies dog rather than a human .

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thing often arrested anyway, they were menacing she knew Charles, the Cadillac man was responsible but could not prove it

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“Hello? I need a cab. Corner of Elm and Fourth. Fast, please!” Yoshi kept her voice low but urgent into the receiver. Carlos didn't answer she needed a another solution.

“Yoshi, he saw us!” Maya hissed, pressing herself flat against the brickwork.

“I know, I know. Just stay quiet.”

The zombie-like figure started to push off the ground, seemingly abandoning the fallen woman to pursue the new targets. The grounded woman screamed ‘thief, stop him stop him” The squeal of the scooter tires was high-pitched and frantic as he turned.

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“oh heck no!, she said eyes wild like fire, as a matter of fact where's compensation for my missing brother we are suing this company” the driver looked confused and so was Maya. “huh” “never mind long story, Yoshi spotted a city bus in the distance, “come on maya , we will take the safe way” she said before scolding the driver with her eyes